

TOWN WITHOUT PITY



MOTION PICKERS

REVENGE OF THE NERDS

The people at the National Lampoon don't know how to make movies. But sometimes they still succeed. Vacation is a good example of

that success. Class Reunion is an example of their failure. No doubt having a good director on one and a lousie on the other had something to do with it. Revenge of the Nerds rides somewhere between the two. About a level

below Animal House and not nearly as funny. The story concerns the mishaps and adventures of a pair of 'nerds' (where did they dig up that word anyway, an old Happy Days episode?) One of these guys is Robert Carri (who makes a terrific nerd) and apparently a nerd is somewhere between an asshole and an okay

humanoid. I really don't fucking know. Anyway, these guys are faced with the gang of handsome Grosse Pointe nazi's, (football playing frat boys of course,) and their red-neck coach. Sounds like fun! Okay, it gets better. The nerds all form their own fraternity, joining a previously all-black national organization. They then hook up with the campus dog society and proceed to fuck each others brains out. If all this sounds stupid and un-fun, well, it is. The humor is mostly cruel jokes about funny-looking people. A few good laughs, but mostly at somebody else's expense. There are no big belly laughs. The jokes do get shit upon in the end which is nice, but it doesn't make up for just plain boring nature of the whole exercise. Stay home, read a book.

CONAN THE DESTROYER

Destroyer? Oh yeah. Arnold is a great actor, no doubt about it. The range of emotion, the instinct, it's all there. I can almost hear the director off-camera shouting: "Be happy Arnold! Now be sad Arnold!" Yep. This installment of the adventures of our burly comic-book hero, finds the big lug looking for a way to bring his girlfriend back to life, while protecting a young noble virgin princess. Whereas the last Conan movie took itself far too seriously, (with half-baked existentialist philosophy dripping from every other line)

This installment doesn't take itself seriously enough, if that's possible. What we need here is some sort of equilibrium. The humor they use is mostly slapstick at its worst, so just stay home and read the R.E. Howard books, they're more fun.

THE CONSCIOUS BROTHERS

Once upon a time Cheech and Chong didn't care about nothing. They would do anything they thought up, and, as a result, seven out of ten times they were funny. The movies they made were some of the funniest I've ever seen. Forget the stupid drug humor, the sick sex jokes, beyond all that they hit a nerve that badly needed to be hit. They satirized

our society from a unique, if slightly adled, angle. And it was appreciated. But, shoot, now! It's just a game of high finance (yuk yuk) where these two see how much idiotic horseshit they can get away with in a totally lamebrained big-budget movie. Oh sure, there were a couple of laughs, and a half dozen or so minor chuckles, but mostly it was snore city. A horrible waste of time. What can you say about a movie that has Rae Dawn Chong in it and doesn't let her act? Don't go see it, that's what.

GHOSTBUSTERS

This was just what I needed. The democrats were jerking around in S.F. like the bunch of subnormal spastics they are, wars was everywhere, Reagan was jabbering away at the soviet, itching for a rumble. So I went to see Ghostbusters. Murray! Goddammit, they could've used a few more laughs maybe, or at least two

more BIG laughs (there were at least three) but all in all a very worthwhile expenditure of the rare entertainment dollar. Dan Ackroyd was suitably subdued (he's only funny when he is) Harold Ramis was unfortunately too subdued (again) and of course, Billy Murray, that sap, stole the whole damned show. God he's looking old these days. The life of the

partying comedian might very well be catching up to him, as it has so many others. Hey, Bill, listen, I know you read TVP whenever it comes out, so listen up, don't party with those tinseltown numbskulls, they're just sukin' up to you cause you're rich and famous. Forget em. Hey, you're a star, but don't be a butthead. okay! Now, get outta here ya big turd.

SPINAL TAP

Movies like this I somehow seem to avoid. Just like that Led Zeppelin movie and that Pink Floyd opus. I just really don't care to see them, thanks. Anything they have to say to me they can send it in a letter. And I don't feel culturally cheated one bit. But, culturally cheated is just what I would've been had I not seen this here Spinal Tap. Not only is it

side-risping funny, it is also a funky karate chop at the gonads of the big-time rock n roll industry. All the glitz, all the moronic stage shows, all them primadonnas, all the idiotic squabbling, all of it. So you say you don't particularly care to see all of the above? Well, I thought I didn't either, but shit, Rob Reiner presents the whole mess in such a backhanded, hilarious fashion I just could not resist. The whole damned movie is worth the scene with the band lost in the basement of a

Cincinnati auditorium; or the jolly as fuck 'Stonehenge' number. Just great. The interviews with the band are kind of boring, but so are almost all interviews with bands. You don't have to be Eugene fucking O'Neill to play music. But these guys are boring and stupid in such a sardonic way...well...hell. Go see the movie if you can.

LIVE MUSIC

THE SHOW THAT NEVER HAPPENED

not at The Olds Plaza

Yeah, well, here's a mother fine mess you've gotten me in to. I tell people all over town to come down to this show and what happens. Nothin happens, shit happens, severe stupidity happens. What we have here is a perfect example of the kind of wrong-headedness that caused the dissolution and disintegration of the scene that thrived around here in 80-81-82. Not just idiots at work, but people who

aren't idiots themselves but who tolerate and even follow idiots just to be accepted by idiots. Ah what a mess. People bitchin because it was four dollars for six bands (I mean how ignorant can you get. The rent on the hall itself was over 200.00, plus bands were there from Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids) Then there were morons on skateboards trying to look cool and oh so punk rock. I got nothing against

skateboards. Cheap clean transportation is a rare thing indeed. But they got no place in a hall full of people trying to watch a band. I mean fuck it, if you want to live some kind of punk rock cliché, go right ahead, I could care less. Just don't run over my toes or we'll have to have a talk. Seriously. Cliche was the active word of the night. Cliches was everywhere. Someone accidentally put a hole in the

wall while 'slam' dancing, (is this 81 or 8479) Fuck the slam dancers too, it's always been just a macho way for a few jocko homos to keep most of the girls off the dance floor. But what was really stupid was some butthead who got to acting real punk rock and tore the existing hole into a bigger hole, mumbling: "Decade productions suck, dude," and such as

that. Whoever you are, I hope your dick falls off, or your head. I think on you both are the same. Then there was the flag burning junk, which I missed since I left in the middle of Anti-Social's set. Now stupid is it possible to get in one evening? There's a whole bunch of assholes in this town who apparently don't want anything good to EVER happen, and if there is a possibility of something good happening,

they try to wreck it as soon as possible. In the jungle this is called Shitting in Your Own Nest, something you NEVER do unless you are subnormal.

Anyway, I got back to the Olds Plaza and everybody was outside whining that the show was canceled and all in a huff. Yeah, well, not everybody present acted like an asshole,

but enough people did, and they weren't stopped by the rest of us, so I guess its everybody's fault. Dave and Doug do act awfully business-like, that's true. Shit, some people know how to be cool about taking money and some people don't. Big deal. As for \$4.00 being too much to pay to see six bands, go fuck yourself. \$4.00 for six bands in a bargain anyplace, if you don't

know that then you got no business walking around loose. Yeah yeah, Dave and Doug should've let the show continue after they'd already lost their security deposit. But shit, they lost the money so it was their choice. Every body who asked for their money got at least part of it back. (We ended up paying a dollar to see Anti-Social which was the real rip-off of the night.) Fuck it fuck it fuck it. I'm tired of writing about this disaster. Just be on your toes. fuck it.

11:55/ BORN W/O A FACE/ ANTI-SOCIAL/CURSED FROM SOCIETY/ADDC THE PURY/TOXIC ATTITUDES GRIEF FACTORY/ at The Farm 7-28-84

Yeah, well, after that abortive Olds Plaza show I figured things couldn't be worse. Little did I expect the greatest thing to happen around here since the Club Doobies booked shows: shows way-out-on-The-Farm. Ever since Vicki acquired the place it has seemed an ideal location for shows: No one lives real close by, no jerk-ass city cops to deal with. No trouble at all. And yep, that's the way it is.

Of the bands that played 11:55 and ADC were the only standouts. ADC is a fucking wrecking machine o'fun, all howling and full of spunk. I'd heard a tape of them so I was somewhat familiar with their sound. But I was not ready for what I heard. They played some of the best contained insanity I've heard in quite a spell. Acid goddawful good and hypno. I was so impressed

I would've done a chain dance if I'd had a big cabin to dance with. Absolutely unique. 11:55 has a lot of spirit (if that's who I saw) and could turn into the premiere Lansing

area band. (Give em a big build-up like this and watch em start doing Duran Duran covers next week. Wait, that may be a good idea...) Glad to hear from Okemos.

Let's all hope the shows keep happenin' out at the Farm. (oh please) and no fuckheads do nothin' stupid. We might maybe rebuild a healthy and thriving scene around here.

DED ENGINE at Rick's

Hey, everybody should go to a heavy metal show every now and then. And when they go they should see a band like Ded Engine. These guys are more fun than 151 rum. They play mostly originals, all from fair to mighty good. The crowd they draw is always real prime too. Girls who spend all day in classrooms and offices and then

dress up in leopard-skin pants and leather jackets with many studs, and oh boy do they wanna rock real bad (and they do) It's just a fucking blast, whether you bang yer head or not, and when they come back to town I heartily recommend that you DO NOT miss them.

LED ZEPPELIN/ MUSICAL SUICIDE/ ADO/ and BLIGHT at the Elrey coop 8/2/84

YEAH! Most lovely. This town is actually beginning to look like a place where people live. A show on the 28th and a show on the 2nd? Goddamn Sam, just like uptown. The Elrey coop last hosted a show (or at least the last one I went to) when Strange Fruit and the Crucifucks played there over a year ago. It was hot then as I recall, but nothing to compare with this night. The heat hung in the basement like a fog. Everytime somebody would move a wave of hot air would rush against you.

All these bodies dripping sweat, stinking, shining, it was GREAT! ADO proved once again that they're Grand Rapids' answers to mental health.

Twisted, baby, like a cannibal monkey riding a monster ligard. Flesh-dripping psycho-music. Confronting, beyond all that. Ya gotta see em to believe em. Led Zepplins (Cursed From Society) pretty well shot their wad at the old coop. All reports have them breaking up, (hopefully to form at least two new bands)

Blight, well, heh heh, what can I say? All that savage heat hanging in the air like mist over a graveyard, then their music creeping around yer fuckin' head, almost too much for a body to take. On 'Seven Winds over the Gobi Desert' they added a saxophone and two trumpets which sounded too cool to believe. It was complete and utter psychosis. I enjoyed it most greatly.

Musical Suicide, a joke band from Ohio, entertained a few kids with some near perfect imitations of early 80-81 punk rock. Luckily they didn't try to cut any new territory, musically or mentally. They could've been dangerous. As it was, they were just a puff and fart punk rock band (lighten crack gut-tars!) full of cliches and

inane poses. If it hadn't been so hot I might've had a good laugh. A great show. Second in a long line of what I hope will be great shows around here. STAND BACK YOU FOOLS! THE TAP-DANCING MONSTER AWAKENS!

THE GUN CLUB at Todd's 8-3-84

I first saw the Gun Club several years ago at Bunches Cafe in East Lansing, back when that place was run by people with guts and didn't cater to the spineless trendy-bops that now infest this area. The Gun Club, then with Ward Dotson on guitar and Rob Ritter on bass, sucked. They didn't seem to be too happy with the whole place and most of the people weren't even familiar with them. I'd only heard Fire Of Love

once and I hadn't been overly impressed (what a fool) Anyhow, the show wasn't happenin'. Later on, I was in a strange city with only a cassette machine and a few tapes, one of which was Fire of

Love. All those other tapes I quickly got sick of, but, sweet Jesus, Fire of Love, every time I listened to it I heard new things. I became convinced that Jeffrey Lee Pierce was one of the best songwriters alive. Every song on

the album shone through with a mysterious swamp light, cutting into my brain with every word, giving encouragement in an hour of extreme need.

After that, I lost track of them. Two albums came out (Miami, produced by Blondie's Chris Stills; and some odd euro-import I haven't even seen) and finally, The Las Vegas Story (see extatic review) and everything I thought was dead in the world comes shining back to life. How could I resist seeing them live and in person?

We got a ride down with Jan Shultz, the Valkyrie who sings so sweet for the Flying Tigers (bless her) and checked into Todd's 'Sway' bar in time to hear The Gun Club's sound check. They sounded

better in their sound check than most bands do in the Main Event. After being nerved up by said s.o., we strolled over to the Ligour Port to get some 151 rum (the favored tool of any serious music journalist) and then proceeded to get primed. It being Detroit

and all, we were naturally shouted at by the local rednecks. They were in a pickup truck so we didn't have to carve them up none. "Isn't that the corner where Vincent Chin got beaten to death?" pondered Steve Miller, twisted guitarist. "Why yes, I believe it is." Detroit, what a wonderful town.

Well, we went inside to catch the opening act. A local combo, two guitars and a drum machine. They seemed to be trying to scare us. heh heh, they couldn't have scared a mormon virgin on a country road. Most lame. Even the crowd of Homes and Grosse Point debutantes

seemed unimpressed. After they were ushered off the stage to muffled applause, the real crowd began to arrive. Drug-addled glam queens, women so thin they almost seemed brittle; biker-looking gents in leather outfits; bleached old punks from bygone days, and before probably, the un-bowed vets, people looking for something with some meaning. Baby, they found it.

I really don't know if I have the words at my disposal to describe how great the Gun Club were. Kid Congo, well, he is surely one of the best, if not THE best, guitarists alive. The word original seems inadequate. He plays from someplace hidden.

Pat Morrison, vampire-goddess of the bass, has more stage presence than she knows what to do with. The drummer, Terry Graham, the last holdover from the old band, knows all. As for Jeffrey Lee, well, none of them would've been up there if not for his

songs. They played almost everything from the new album, nothing from Fire of Love, and many songs I'd never heard before, but which I most surely will seek out and hear again. The whole show ~~which~~ still haunts me. I hear it in my sleep. Three encores, all brand new songs. What more can I say? The best show I've ever seen (all for \$5.00) The Gun Club.

Outside after the show a gang of skateboarding skin-heads menaced us foolishly. They seemed to be trying to muster up enough guts to attack us en-masse (their favored cowardly way of conduct) causing me to finger my switchblade and smile sweetly. The week before they'd beaten some eighteen year old punker nearly to death. he still lay in the hospital in critical

condition. The idea of killing one or more of them with a knife seemed appealing. Out them out on the sidewalk. Introduce their little middleclass asses to a new kind of hell, Carve their faces like wooden blocks. The whole scene, our new reality, came crashing down. Is this all there is left? Little mini-nazis on rolling platforms? Shit no, the Gun Club still shines for us, them, a few others. Is inspiration and hope and beauty worth fighting for? Hell yes it is. Long live the Gun Club, long live the undefeated.

HORRIBLE THINGS TO COME

PRISONSHIP 2005- A women-in-cages picture set in the distant future in Outer Space.

TOXIC AVENGER- It concerns a health club and toxic waste. Supposed to contain a significant amount of: 'excellent violence.'

ZOMBIE ISLAND MASSACRE-Starring Rita Jenrette, it takes place on fashionable Zombie Island, a resort for the very rich. Should have lots of wealthy folks getting chopped to bits.

HARD ROCK ZOMBIES- Already released but hasn't played around here yet. Concerns heavy metal fans who are in fact dead.

CHUD- Should be out in the fall. Initials stand for Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers.



NICK CAVE

THE BAD SEEDS

IN THE GHETTO

NICK CAVE - In the Ghetto/ The Moon is in the Outer 7" 45

In the Ghetto is one hell of a song let me tell ya. (riddle: What's the difference between Elvis' version of In the Ghetto and Nick Cave's? Answer: Nick Cave lives there.) I get real choked up whenever I hear it. The flipside is a dirge in the Tom Waits lyrical fashion. Passable if not mighty darned good.

NICK CAVE - From Her to Eternity LP

Definitely for people with peculiar tastes. Luckily, that's me. Best cuts are: 'Saint Huck' and the title track. This is one of those discs that don't often get played in pleasant company (but who likes pleasant company anyway?) It's just for your 'special' friends, the ones your mom don't like. Cave, sans Birthday Party, takes some lyrical chances and, for the most part, strikes pay-dirt.

MUTE Records
somewhere in France

NICO - 12" EP

Four songs here on a strange French label. THE definitive version of "All tomorrow parties," and a lovely version of "Pomme Fatale." PLUS two of Nico's own eerie excursions into musical dreamland, where devils and angels dance around great pillars of ice and fire. Tremendous production work. It sits close to the turntable and spins like a crazed Turk on heroin at least once a day.

1/2 Records
Somewhere in France

MINOR THREAT - release EP

Here it all is, all the shades of rightist politics, all the drive, all the frustrated anger. You can just keep it. I didn't much care for it the first time I heard it and I care even less for it now. 'Guilty of being White?' oh, indeed, God I hate a whiner.

THE GUN CLUB - Las Vegas Story LP

Kid Congo was meant to play songs like these. A continuation of Jeffrey Lee Pierce's exploration of the vibed up swamp blues as well as some down right songs of inspiration. A shot in the arm for all of us who thought most of the good records were recorded three years ago. With The Kid's defection from the Cramps and his re-teaming with the Gun Club we may well have the best band in the country here. Pat Morrison (ex-Saga) and Terry Graham from the original line-up, play with all the feeling that's in em, and it sinks home. What can I tell you about Pierce's songs? They are timely and wonderful things. The band does "Walking with the Beast" with such verve that it's sure to frighten the elderly and inspire the young. 'Stranger in Our Town,' 'My Dreams'...shit, all these songs are great. Stark beauty. Fire. Everything you could want or imagine. This could be one of the best albums ever cut, surely the best cut recently. Acquire it immediately.

ANIMAL RECORDS
marketed by JEM
available wherever



FLESH COLUMNS - Scheigew Vor Dem Sturm
4 song 7" 45

By all forms of natural logic I really shouldn't like these guys, they got that Misfits-type chorus that I am pretty sick of, their politics are cloudy at best, they wrote a song called 'Dan Neill's Product', '(yo) Shit.' Which makes it all the more wonderful that I DO like them. 'Times Up' and 'Where did they Go?' are the best on the record. They're from Windsor, they're good, so go figure.

TOUCH and GO records
P.O. BOX 716
Maumee, Oh. 43537

EFFIGIES - For Ever Grounded LP

I gotta admit I wasn't grabbed immediately by this disc. But, after my third listening it all became very clear. The Effigies have at last cut new ground beyond the boundaries of 'punk rock' and 'biker music'. They have staked out some very dangerous turf in a place that will be hard to defend. But the Effigies will hold. They're that good. Lyrical clarity and musical precision are theirs. Now they have a whole genre to themselves. It's up to some dumbass music writer to give it a name; I won't even attempt it. I'm satisfied just listening to the music of the Effigies.

RUTHLESS/ENIGMA
P.O. BOX 2896
Torrance, CA 90509

TOXIC REASONS - Kill by Remote Control LP

More disappointment. I worried about these guys ever since they moved to S.F. and Big Ed left. I wondered: "Can they write a song like 'Ghost Town' in a city like that with so much going on?" Of course not. But I at least hoped they'd develop, cut new ground for themselves. Let's face it, there isn't another band in the country that can compete with them musically. They are terrific musicians and that is apparent on both of their albums. What's sad is all this great music is totally destroyed by lame an cliché-ridden lyrics. It just doesn't make any sense. Not at all. It doesn't make it, and nothing gets done.

SIXTH INTERNATIONAL RECORDS/
ROUGH TRADE
326 Sixth St.
San Francisco, CA 94103

BLACK FLAG - My War LP

Most people dislike this record so much I dearly wanted to love it. No such luck. They have degenerated badly, trailed off into a senseless Black Sabbath horror garden full of nothing. I saw them live at the Club Doobie several years ago, and I was made a convert. Then I saw them live at the On Broadway more recently and The Meat Puppets made them look ridiculous. That's what they are now, ridiculous. They have denied everything all right. And now everything is denying them.

SSI Records
P.O. BOX 1
Lawndale, CA 90260



LIBERTY/ A STATE OF MIND - Don't Vote flexi

This is really on target and on time. I think Dana Goldman said: "Voting is the opiate of the masses of this country. Every four years we vote the pain." When you sit back and realize that if Frits and Geri do "by some weird twist of fate, get elected, it will take them at LEAST four years to undo all the harm done by Bad Ronald, you kind of wonder when this farce will end and we can progress to our next natural stage of development. I'll probably vote anyway, but it'll be like betting two dollars on the favored horse: If it does win, you ain't gonna get much of anything. If it loses, you're pretty much in the same condition. Anyhow, this is a fine piece of work by some good people with a purpose.

MIND MATTER
P.O. BOX 4766
S.F. CA 94101

HI-LIFE INTERNATIONAL - Music To Wake The Dead LP

Lots of latin rhythms with calypso/ reggae vocals and lyrics. VERY uplifting afternoon music, salama alekum and all that. Never limit your tastes baby, life is way too short.

Rounder Records
One Camp Street
Cambridge, MA 02140

THE PREPPIE CORPSES- Party Animal/ (I wanna grow up to be) A Junkie

This EP, the Preppie Corpses first, contains three of the hottest numbers from their live show, and it makes me drool in anticipation of their forth-coming LP. The first tune: Party Animal, celebrates gleeful ignorance and good times, including this great line, sung over buzzsaw guitar: "you can burn all the books cause I don't read em and I don't need em." "When in Babylon" features more of the same kind of humor, a call to action for life here in the good old USA: "When in Babylon, do what the Babylonians do" get drunk, forget your name, and have a good time, just like everyone else. Lead singer Bruce really sings his guts out on this one, and actually sounds like he's loosing them on the barf solo at the end. Guitarist Drew turns in a nice one note solo too, over drummer Daves frantic pounding.

The real masterpiece here however, is "Junkie" which explores the psychological terror of growing up young and rich: they never understood me, they never let me know, they never listened they never let go, they never understood my life goal- I wanna shoot a lotta dope, I wanna be outta control, I wanna shoot all of daddy's bankroll." Anthemic guitar chords and absolutely deranged vocal, and this is sure to win the P.C.'s a place alongside the Ig and Lou in the annals of self-destruction. Pick up this one to accompany your next fifth.

-Who D'Nim

Troubled by Beams from OUTER SPACE?

Strange beams from an unknown source? Feeding you information, evil thoughts, making you act like a totally DIFFERENT PERSON?

Well, what you need is Dr. Magnus' anti-beam hat! For twenty \$ you can be free of those pesky thoughts forced upon you By: (pick one) The Aliens; The Russians; The CIA; So order NOW! Hurry! Before they make you do something TERRIBLE!



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(The following Blight interview was conducted on the night of The Show That Didn't Happen at the Old's Plaza. The first section was in the car on the way to the liquor store before the show, the second part was outside some rinky dink party on Beaumont street.) -many voices-

Take a right here!
No! A left! I'm sorry I said that.
Go to Quality Dairy! Go to Larch!
There's a store right down here!
We'll run into Quality Dairy. It'll be on the left. Probably at the light at this light up here. GODDAMNIT! You missed it! It'll be on the left. Probably at this light. No, it's at the light. I give you good directions don't I? Start moving over into the left lane...slowly...yeah. Take a vote. No one has any fun anyway. Keep movin over. One more lane. slow doooooow... just past this fence. right here. (Iwanta get the car washed) It's a Quality Dairy! They don't have Quality Dairys anyplace but—Magic Johnson worked here! Magic Johnson got fired from workin here for rippin em off...

Blight are: Pat, drums; Scott, vocals
Steve, guitar; Mike, Bass.

The Proper Interview (almost)

TWP: This is the official Blight Interview.

Scott: Happy Birthday Lansing! 158 yrs.
Steve: You didn't get a chance to say that tonight did you? It's 125 anyway.
Scott: I didn't get a chance to say it's good to back in Michigan again or anything.

TWP: Last issue I reported that your show at Big Daddys was your last show ever...

STEVE: It was.
TWP:...and you turn around and try to play this show in Lansing. And see what happens?

Scott: Mind if I comment on that? I didn't hear it from Nina Blackwood so...

TWP: You know me and Nina we're pretty close...

Pat: I heard it from Martha Quin tho. Martha was talking about it.
Scott: Allan Hunter was mum.

TWP: So what's the deal? Is every show gonna be your last show?

Pat: Apparently we have a couple of shows lined up.

Steve: But if we don't, every show's our last.

Scott: So where's our bass player?

Pat: He's missing!

Scott: He's the official spokesman for the band and he's not here.

TWP: Yeah! I was gonna ask Mike all the heavy questions. He's been with The Fix, The Meatmen...

Steve: He lives with homosexuals now.

Pat: He may have aids. He tried to put his arm around me in the car and I had to fend him off.

Steve: Pat fended him off.

TWP: I saw that.

Pat: I told him I wouldn't dance until I finished my beer.

TWP: Mike got pissed and left.

Steve: Yeah, he had an aids tantrum.

All: Awwwwwwwwwwww.

TWP: So this is Blights last show?

Scott: Yes, this is it.

Steve: How'd you like it?

TWP: I thought it was great. I write for tastes.

this magazine and everything is great.

Scott: We actually did play tonight.

Steve: Yeah, we played our whole set for our sound check.

TWP: I know, I missed it! So, did you consult some of your voodoo connections in Kalamazoo to find out this show would be canceled so you could play your whole set early?

Steve: Yes, the House of Women.

Scott: Yes, we should've taken their word for it. Pool that I am, I even brought an extra change of socks.

Pat: And underwear too.

Scott: And I can't find em.

Pat: Mike has em on his head.

Steve: This is a really silly interview.
Scott: Let's talk about music for a little bit.

TWP: Do you have any plans for a new record?

Scott: We got a couple of new songs and we could probably do it ourselves.

TWP: What are the new songs like?

Scott: Kind of historicomic.

Pat: There's four new songs aren't there?

Steve: There's nothing wrong with them. We still got the same sound. It's really silly that people say: 'Oh, Tesco's gone, they're fucked.' Scott, what do you think about that?

Scott: oh it's Tesco's project.

Steve: That's silly! It all started, it was me and Pat and Mike in the basement, and we said: 'oh, by the way, Tesco, you wanna sing?' and he said 'okay'

Pat: Right, 'I'll sing while I'm not doing anything with the Meatmen.'

TWP: Is it true you guys just do shows for beer money?

Steve: Every extra cent we make goes into beer.

Scott: And gas.

Pat: The Van will run on beer, if necessary.

Steve: You gotta ask us if we get laid a lot.

TWP: Do you guys get laid a lot?

Pat: Oh, god, of course.

Steve: Laid back.

Scott: Try to find Mike right now. De WE get laid a lot? Where's our bass player?

TWP: Is that the secret? Is that where Mike is? Is he at some bizarre rendezvous?

Scott: He had it all figured out. We had to grab his bass cause he was freakin on some babe.

TWP: Is it true that you guys leave equipment at every gig?

Scott: Once in a great while.

Steve: Yes, if we make a lot of money.

Scott: Sometimes we just look at something and say: 'God that's big.'

Steve: and say fuckit. 'there's a party somewhere, let's go.'

TWP: How do you feel about the crowds you draw these days?

Steve: Pretty weird bunch of people.

Some people with some pretty weird

horsespower motor. It does a good job.

It cuts threw just about anything

Scott: We want to start a chain of Blight liquor stores, a Blight-n-go.

TWP: HEY! Here comes Steve Shelley of Strange Fruit and Crucifucks.

Steve Shelley: Hi!

Since Mike wasn't present during the later interview, here are a few of his comments from earlier in the evening at the Show That Never Happened!

Mike: I hate to move equipment as much as you hate to move equipment

Steve: How are we gonna get it out?

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Your Co-worker Could Be a Space Alien, Say Experts

... Here's How You Can Tell

By MICHAEL CASSELS (FROM THE NATIONAL EXAMINER)

Many Americans work side by side with space aliens who look human — but you can spot these visitors by looking for certain tip-offs, say experts.

They listed 10 signs to watch for:

1. Odd or mismatched clothes.

"Often space aliens don't fully understand the different styles, so they wear combinations that are in bad taste, such as checked pants with a striped shirt or a tuxedo jacket with blue jeans or sneakers," noted Brad Steiger, a renowned UFO investigator and author.

2. Strange diet or unusual eating habits. Space aliens might eat French fries with a spoon or gobble down large amounts of pills, the experts say.

3. Bizarre sense of humor. Space aliens who don't understand earthly humor may laugh during a serious company training film or tell jokes that no one understands, said Steiger.

4. Takes frequent sick days. A space alien might need extra time off to "rejuvenate its energy," said Dr. Thomas Easton, a theoretical biologist and futurist.

5. Keeps a written or tape-recorded diary. "Aliens are constantly gathering information," said Steiger.

6. Misuses everyday items. "A space alien may use correction fluid to paint its nails," said Steiger.

7. Constant questioning about customs of co-workers.

Space aliens who are trying to learn about earth culture might ask questions that seem stupid, Easton said.

"For example, a co-worker may ask why so many Americans picnic on the Fourth of July," noted Steiger.

8. Secretive about personal life-style and home. "An alien won't discuss domestic details or talk about what it does at night or on week-ends," said Steiger.

9. Frequently talks to himself. "A space alien may not be used to speaking as we do, so an alien may practice speaking," Steiger noted.

10. Displays a change of mood or physical reaction when near certain high-tech hardware. "An alien may experience a mood change when a microwave oven is turned on," said Steiger. The

experts pointed out that a co-worker would have to display most if not all of these traits before you can positively identify him as a space alien.



By passing her arms through flame without harm—an important part of the voodoo initiation rite—a dancer shows that she is protected by a favorable loa.

The Quest for the BLACK PANTHER

I noticed the waitress hand bandages on both of her wrists. I guess everybody has their bad days. I'd have to leave her a big tip. I poured a glass from the pitcher and reflected upon my losses. The night before I'd somehow become separated from my watch, my sunglasses, and my underwear. I sensed in my heart that it had been a hell of a night. A gold star night. A night to remember.

Ah, but the following day, now that was a premium day indeed. Sitting in a singularly horrible bar eating a hamburger deluxe and drinking a pitcher of beer.

On the television the newsmen was telling me about a black panther loose in the vicinity. A carnivore wandering the suburbs, sending waves of fear coursing through the gentle populace.

I resolved then and there to seek after that panther and commune with it. I felt a vague fondness for the hunted meat-eater. The middle class were after it and they would not rest until they had its head on a stake.

First I would have to assemble a proper team. A huge creole certainly, and maybe a German or an Irishman. With bright lights and lassos we would enter into the surrounding forests, grime-determined, drunk probably. There we would meet the mighty panther on his own turf. And get down to business.

I resolved to get the Creole as soon as possible. Since I only knew one in the Twisted North it wouldn't be too difficult. Talking him into a full-bore panther hunt would be another matter. It would involve certain acts of ritual magic, and Creoles are notoriously adverse to that kind of rebop. Ah, but the adventure might be enticing enough.

As for the German, I had a guitar player in mind. Germans are always good to have around when dealing with vicious cats. They usually tend to do what they're told when under fire, and when facing a black panther, that would be important.

I met with the German at a bar near my secret headquarters, telling him nothing about the big cat. There would have to be some drinking first. Actually, a lot of drinking.

The Creole was impossible to reach by phone. The only way to make contact with him was by standing outside of certain key liquor stores and waiting. It took a while (it almost always did) but eventually he turned up.

I proposed the black panther expedition to the Creole while the German guitar player was in the bathroom. We were sitting in an East Lansing bar famous for having absolutely nothing constructive to contribute to society. "Ha ha, muthafucks, you crazy," laughed the Creole.

"Heh heh," I laughed glancing around. "That's true, but it ain't relevant here. I have to speak with this panther. I am sure it has important knowledge for me."

"RAN RAN RAN! Man, you can talk some shit!" "Yeah."

I then proceeded to lay out my whole plan to the big Creole. I stopped only when the German guitar player arrived. The big Creole looked at me in disbelief.

"Of course you'll bring your saxophone," I told him. "We'll have you give The Call of the Black Panther."

"You going to some big muslim meeting?" the German guitar player asked.

"No!" yelled the Creole. "A Big Panther hunt!" I then tried to explain to the guitar player. "You're fucking nuts," he said.

"The panther, especially the black panther, is a rare and intelligent creature. And from what I've heard about this one it's either an escaped pet or some kind of spirit."

They both looked at me with massive misunderstanding.

See, I believed that the cat was the untamed wild spirit of The Rebel. It was appearing for the express purpose of giving us inspiration, to urge us on in our daily struggles, now, in this milestone year of 1984. I saw the cat as a good omen. A symbol that must be approached for further study. Call it crazy, and many would, but the big cat filled me with great energy. If it was just some goofball's escaped house pet, that must be discovered. But, if it was truly the Rebel personified, then it was a gift to us, here in the twisted north in a time of terrifying conformity and grim prospects. I had to know. It was crucial.

Well, the booze went down fine. I had some money from obscure sources, I was SELLING those guys on the idea. They wanted to commune with the rebel spirit too. Dangerous and volatile as it was, it was too appealing to be ignored. It stood out there like a mad drunk reciting Flaubert in the rain of a skidrow street. You knew it was foolish to go near him but the beauty of the madness compelled you beyond all reason.

We, the three of us, would hunt the panther and gain knowledge.

First we had to gather equipment. It wouldn't be anything heavy: Pot, morphine, and vodka for our nerves; A great huge emergency light (one of those babies that had four or five different functions) to illuminate the woodlands; a saxophone; and several cans of spray starch in case the beast charged us.

"Where are the guns?" the guitar player (German) asked.

"We don't want to shoot it," I explained.

"We want to commune with it."

After picking up some orange juice (for the vodka and vitamin C) we went and stationed ourselves in the parking lot of the knights of Columbus hall on Grand River. A mighty freight train full of automobile parts roared by as we sat and tended our nerves. The tracks ran right behind the hall. It was in that area that the panther had last been spotted, by the airport.

We were all scared to death by the time we finally got out've the big pontiac. We could sense the danger everywhere around us. We were on the trail of something that could destroy us all.

We went down the weed-grown path that led to the railroad tracks. Up east we could see the green warning lights of the railroad: WEST of us we could see the nearby overpass of the highway. All around us were symbols of transit.

"This is crazy," the German guitar player said looking at the sinister overhanging trees and big bushes on each side of the railroad tracks. Truly, it was enough to put the fear in anybody.

"Let's go," the big Creole said. He unsling his saxophone and began to play as we walked.

"Does that sound like the call of the black panther?" he asked between wild sections.

"Sounds close enough for me," I replied as I watched the bushes.

We walked along the track like that for a good bit. The big Creole playing his saxophone as the German guitar player and I scanned the bushes for big cats.

The big Creole had strapped a Cuban machete to his belt, just in case we should run into a field of sugar cane. I had a stiletto in my pocket and I'm sure the German was armed.

We finally came to the warning lights of the railroad. There was an access road on each side of us and we decided to rest a minute in the relatively open space.

"Well, I don't see no black cat," the Creole said, tired from all his horn work.

"He's probably long gone from here by now," said the German guitar player. "They're supposed to travel fast."

I sipped the jug of vodka and felt foolish. It was all a sham. A not very clever diversion in a place where thrills were few and far between.

Then we heard it.

A rustling in the bushes just to our right. The guitar player flashed the emergency light in the direction the noise had come from. It flashed on the chrome of the travel trailers in the lot beside the train tracks.

But something was there. It was making a big racket getting out too!

"Dammit! Hand me the spray starch!" the guitar player yelled.

Then we saw it.

It was huge rat! NO! It was a possum!

"Godamn!" screamed the big Creole. He had his machete in his hand in a second. "Give me that light!" He snatched the light from the guitar player. "I hate possums!" he screamed. In a great leap he was on the huge marsupial. The possum rared back on its hind legs and went: "Fessss eesshhhhhh" with its fangs clenched. Then it turned and fled, the big Creole hot on its heels. The mighty fellow plunged into the bushes, his saxophone slung over his shoulder like a rifle, the emergency light and the machete held high in the air.

"Don't be a fool!" I yelled. "There's panthers about!"

"I hate possums!" he screamed and disappeared. "Shit on this," the guitar player yelled and took off down the tracks. A huge rush of fear struck me and I plunged up the access road, heading for the paved street on the other side of the trees and bushes.

As I cleared the grass I was stopped dead in my tracks. I felt my bowels and my bladder surge. Right in front of me, on the gravel beside the road, sat the Big Black Beast. It was looking at me with great

detachment. My legs said: "Time out!" and gave way. I collapsed on my ass, sitting looking up the little hill at the big cat.

Well, I figured I was done. It lifted a paw to its mouth and took a lick. I saw the flash of those long deadly claws. Well, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I was ready for certain doom, but, I was not ready for what happened next.

The cat quit licking its paw and looked straight at me and said:

"So, Kolhoff, what's the deal?"

Well, scouts, I just about lost what little mind I had left. That cat was speaking to me inside my head!

I spent at least thirty seconds just gagging and sniffing, convinced that the final collapse had arrived. At last, somehow, some way, a question formed in my mind, and hell, I asked it.

"Is it worth it?" I asked, my voice trembling. The cat just looked at me. "I mean, going against them all the time, day after day."

The cat covered its face with its paws and I swear, it began to laugh. It rolled on its side, its claws slapping at the sky. It must've taken it two minutes to recover. Then it looked at me with these eyes, oh babes, eyes that cut me to the very bone.

"Sure," it said, then it started laughing again. I looked at it dumbly (we can't help how we look I guess).

"Listen," it began, "there aren't any simple solutions to any major problems. Nothing universal is ever simple. The important thing is the struggle for completion."

"They might gain ground here, recover ground there, it's unimportant. We will win. That's the way it was planned from the beginning. You can't change that, they can't change that. It's a given. Just remember, all you can ever do is your best. Never stop short of that. To fail to do your best is the only defeat."

"Now, get out of here," the cat said to me. "Remember, if innocents die, or a beast of nobility is killed for nothing, it's only a breath, a second. The struggle goes on. Do your best."

I scrambled up out've the grass and headed off. I turned in time to see the big cat, its magnificent frame illuminated by the moonlight, disappear down the access road.

I walked down the railroad tracks in a daze. Well, I'd certainly had some kind of communion. I felt fortified, a full ten years added to my resolve. There is no such thing as defeat! Hey, sounds pretty good to me.

I got back to the car where I found the big Creole and the German guitar player drinking the rest of the vodka.

"Where the fuck you been?" they asked as I got in the car.

"Out there with the beasts," I told them. They passed me the vodka.

"Are the bars closed?" I asked.

"Yeah, a half hour ago," the big Creole moaned. "But I got some gin over at the crib. We're set."

"Nice," I said passing the vodka back to the front seat. There was a lot of work to be done.

Mike K.



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